

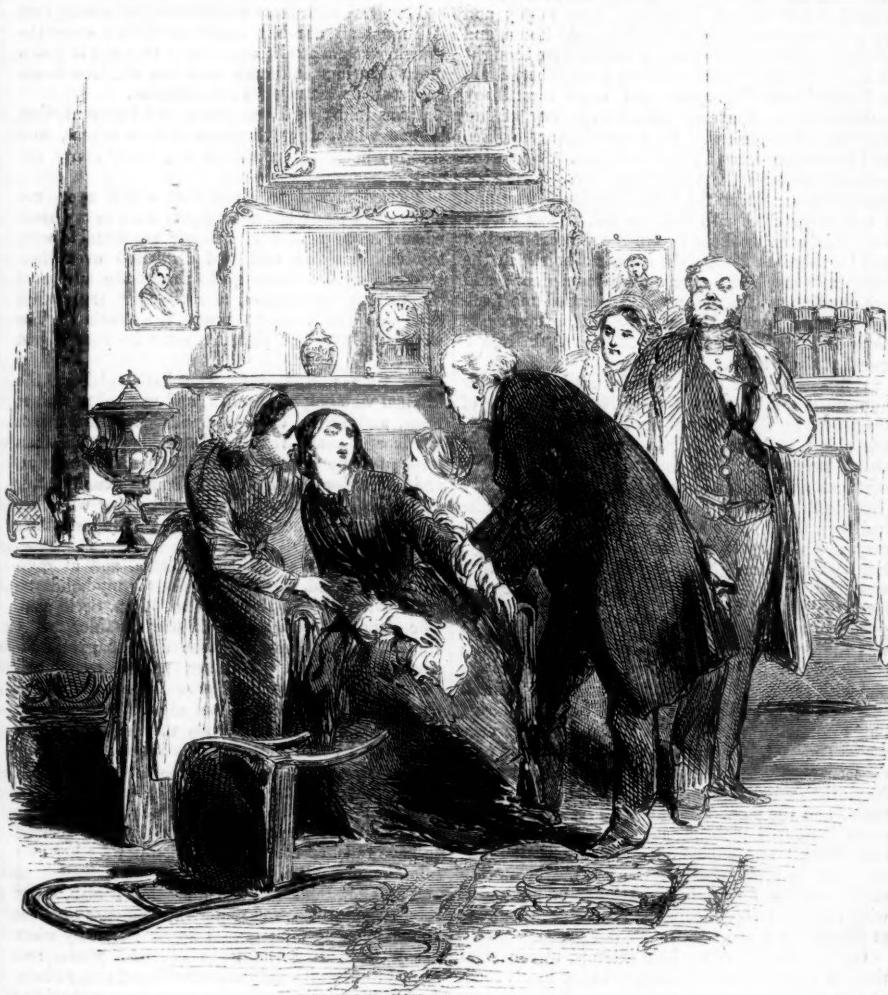
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THE GOVERNESS SINKS DENEATH HER UNBROKEN LABOURS.

WANTED, A GOVERNESS.

CHAP. II.—MY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

It was only by degrees that the painful knowledge of the low estimate in which I was held in the household broke upon me. Surely, thought I, as

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I went up with my little scholars to bed, after tea was over, that night—surely this cannot last long—this perpetual banishment from social intercourse—this loneliness in a domestic circle.

There were two or three visitors one evening

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soon after my arrival, and as no one had addressed a word to me during tea-time I had ventured—a bold venture those will say who understand the rule for governesses' conduct—to address a few words to a young lady who sat near me at the tea-table. It was a passing remark; I forgot at this distance of time what it was, but in a moment the eye of Mrs. Serle rested on me. There was no mistaking its expression. "How dare you enter into conversation—you, the *governess*?" it said; but with a little of the spirit of contradiction, and with more than a little of the spirit of pride, I went on talking, the young lady too in a condescending sort of way replying. Very empty and very ignorant was this young lady. At home, and in my days of independence, I should have thought it an intellectual condescension (remember, I am a faithful autobiographer, and must record my weaknesses) to converse with her, or any of her class of nothingarians. Very wrong, very foolish, as I have since known; but so it was. When the servant removed the tea-things, Mrs. Serle suddenly discovered that the children looked sleepy, and I was despatched with them to bed. How dreary was that evening hour! How my heart swelled and throbbed as I heard the sounds of mirth in the kitchen through my open school-room door; and the music and the song which reached me from below, of those who thought me—the *educator of their children*—beneath a word or a look from a guest at their table.

But setting self aside, I could not but discover how unfavourable were the effects of this line of treatment on the minds of my little pupils. Lizzy, the eldest girl, had a little air of condescension about her, which was somewhat galling, and a pertness and want of respect which was a pretty close imitation of the conduct of her elders. She had been taught to consider governesses as necessary appendages to a household of respectability, but nothing more. They were to *teach* her—that was their business, their vocation. They were paid for teaching her, and here the matter ended. Very good; so was the nurse paid for carrying baby; so was the coachman paid for driving the phaeton; the gardener for tending the flowers: I was on a par with the rest. I do not pretend to say that all this was taught in so many words to the children, but I maintain that such was the just inference which they might draw from the careless and cold neglect with which I was systematically treated. Nay, the footman who stood behind his mistress's chair, and the page who ran her errands, were far more honoured persons, standing in relations far less difficult and anomalous. I sat at their table, but was, in every sense of the word, "below the salt." Better far to have partaken of my meals with the other dependents than to sit as an outcast at the family board.

On the evening of my bold attempt at conversation, as I was sitting mournfully in my lonely room at the allotted task of plain-work, to my great astonishment Mrs. Serle opened the door. The singing and music were going on below, and she had absented herself for five minutes, she said, to have a little conversation with me.

I inclined my head to testify my readiness to hear.

"Miss Maitland, I am on the whole satisfied

with you; I think, considering your youth, that you will do extremely well; the children are quiet and well behaved: but I think it kinder to tell you that your manners do not quite please me. I observe a forwardness in you in company which will tell very much against you in your situation."

I almost gasped. I could not reply.

"Yes," she said, answering my look of blank dismay; "it is not customary for persons in your situation to enter into conversation, unless especially addressed. Of course I overlook it as the result of ignorance, but I hope you will be careful for the future."

I replied, with more spirit than judgment, that if I must sit dumb I would rather not enter the drawing-room at all, and that I thought it had a most injurious influence over the children to see me treated with neglect and coldness.

I was told that I was young and ignorant, that it was what all governesses had to expect, and that my notions were absurd and vastly above my station.

I cried myself to sleep that night upon my pillow, and many bitter thoughts were in my heart when I arose next day, making me irritable with the children and cold and dispirited over their studies. Still I never quite forgot the advice of my railway companion, and thought truly that this was the time to prove the truth of her words, "Duty, not pleasure, must be your object in life."

So time passed on. The little girl in the kitchen who helped the cook, and worked morning, noon, and night, often compelled to hear rough words and sharp rebukes, led a happier life than mine; for she was not doomed to perpetual silence, and had, at least, sympathy and companionship after her day's hard labour, and could enjoy with her fellow-servants the laugh and the merry jest at her social meal.

I went to my situation in March, and at mid-summer I asked, rather naturally, for my holidays; but it was "out of the question," Mrs. Serle said. The children were going to the sea-side, and I should be indispensable. She did not give mid-summer holidays. Summer passed away and autumn too, and my heart grew light as I thought of reunion with the home ones at Christmas. Once, and once only, had my mother been to see me; but I could not, gentle woman as she was, ask her to repeat the visit. She was not proud, I knew; but I had no quiet room of my own to ask her to enter, and the slighting way in which she was treated by both mistress and servants seemed to have touched her to the quick—not for her own sake, but for mine.

Yes, Christmas was at hand. My health, never robust, had given way under the immense exertion which I had to undergo. I speak advisedly when I say that, after the lapse of some years, and acquaintance with duty and exertion of many kinds, I consider my daily work to have been beyond the strength of any solitary young female in the world. My desire was still fervent to be faithful to my trust; the spirit was willing—willing, at least, as any crushed spirit could be—but the flesh was weak. So, as Christmas drew near, I began to wonder that, amid preparations for festivity and mirth, my holidays were never alluded to. I at

last mustered courage to ask Mrs. Serle what day I might go home. She looked astonished.

"Miss Maitland, I think it a great want of consideration in you to ask such a thing. My house will be full of company, and you will be really wanted here. My eldest daughters are both coming home from school, and I shall be quite overdone; pray, do not think of such a thing. I will spare you at Easter."

I said, and very truly, that I should be sorry to disoblige her; but that I felt ill, that I wanted change, that my appetite and my spirits had failed me latterly, and that I really feared to go on in my present mode of life without relaxation.

She turned coldly on me, and said: "If you are not satisfied with your very easy situation, Miss Maitland, you know the remedy; and I hope you will feel no difficulty in adopting it. Hundreds would be thankful to step into your place."

I left the room in tears—tears too common with me now—and wrote the hard truth home, that my place at the Christmas hearth must be vacant, for I could not be there this year.

I had a letter by the next post—a wise, tender letter it was—from my mother. She gave me just the comfort I needed, and tried to inspirit me. One thing she said, which bore a little consolation with it: "It is a happy thing to be useful, my darling Emilie. Some people in the world would never be missed, if they went to bed at night and came down stairs no more until mid-day. There is a compliment implied in those words, 'I cannot spare you.' You ask anxiously for Agnes. I cannot say that she is worse; but she is weak and delicate as a hot-house plant, and I sometimes think that the Lord hath need of her in his Garden of Paradise: but she has long looked thus, and we cannot tell. Dear, dear child, are you then so lonely? Remember who it is that can make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, and can in your lonely hours whisper messages of consolation sweeter than aught that were ever breathed by earthly voice. You cannot be desolate if you live near to Him." And then followed, like a plaintive Christmas carol, all manner of good, holy, tender thoughts, prayers, and wishes, meet for the joyous season; and so my mother bade me farewell. I placed the letter under my pillow that night, and I dreamed of home-love and home-hearts again!

The house was indeed full to overflowing. Beds were put up in the school-room for me and two of the children, as my own room, I was unceremoniously informed, was wanted for Miss Serle. Lesson-books were laid aside, and I prepared for a very busy, hard-working holiday. I cannot tell you how my time passed in that festive season. Fête succeeded fête, and there was an engagement for every day, either at home or abroad. Miss Serle, just returned from a Parisian boarding-school, and master Edward from Eton, did not in the very least contribute to the comfort of our busy house. The law of consideration seemed never to have been studied by them; nay, it did not appear that the very existence of such a law was known in the villa at N——. I loved children, and I was of an age to have entered heartily into the amusements and enjoyments of Christmas, had I been treated with common kindness; but to feel an outcast from those social gatherings—to

sit mute when others talked and laughed around me—to come and go like a moving statue—to feel and to suffer without one look or one expression of sympathy, almost broke my young heart.

I was not in health, moreover; I was often conscious of such lassitude that I have flung myself on the bed, unable to undress until I had had ten minutes' rest, and then awoke chilled and miserable, to spend the night in feverish, wakeful restlessness. But my indisposition was looked upon as temper. I had taken a severe cold, and certainly my cough must have sounded plainly enough in ears not quite indifferent; but it was not convenient for me to be ill, and accordingly no notice was taken of my indisposition.

The grand entertainment of the season was to be on New Year's eve, the anniversary of my pupil Lizzy's birth. There was to be music and dancing, together with a supper on a scale of great magnificence. I must get my cough well, for I was to play polkas and waltzes for the junior part of the company, and to make myself "generally useful." No one who has not witnessed the preparations for such an evening can enter into the worry and hurry, the flutter and the anxiety, the irritation and the heart-burning of the process. I was called hither and thither that day, with most uncompromising demand. My talents as dressmaker, as decker of the dessert, as shopper, and as general helper, were all put in requisition. Yet I can truly say that, with a word of sympathy, a look of friendly, loving encouragement, I could have overcome a larger amount of bodily fatigue and suffering than fell to my lot that day. Once, indeed, Miss Serle, whose hair I was dressing, said to me, "What a cough you have, Miss Maitland; do get something for it. Mamma"—speaking to her mother, who at this moment entered the room—"can you not give Miss Maitland something?"

"Oh dear, yes. I am quite concerned," said Mrs. Serle; "have some gruel to-night, Miss Maitland; or, stay, take the key of the medicine chest and get some squills."

All this was said with an expression of as much unconcern as ever sounded in human tones or rested on human face. My heart was full, and I did not reply. My tears fell fast on the fair young head whose locks I was braiding, and she looked up at me in the most innocent amaze possible.

"Why, you are crying! Don't cry, Miss Maitland," said Lizzy; who, pert as she was at times, and inconsiderate, as was natural to her age and the sad example constantly before her eyes, really loved me. "Don't cry on my birthday, dear Miss Maitland; and I will promise you to be very good and give no more trouble. I do love you."

I kissed the child, and told her love was a pleasant thing, and that hers would help me on. I gave her a little birthday present, a few birthday wishes, and then I proceeded to finish the decoration of my other pupils before going to my own simple toilette.

I was to make tea for the young people in one drawing-room, and to keep order in the little company; and hard work it was to make myself heard, for my voice was by this time almost gone. Soon I was summoned to play. I often wonder now how I got through that evening. It seems to me still, as it seemed then, a dream. I was dizzy and

faint and flushed by turns, and after playing until I could really play no more from exhaustion, it was a great comfort to me to hear Edward Serle, the eldest son, say : " Miss Maitland, you shall not sit here another moment; I noticed how ill you looked when you came into the drawing-room. Sit down on this sofa, and I will bring you some lemonade."

I declined the sofa, and took a chair in a remote corner of the room. Never was nectar so refreshing as that draught of lemonade; but more refreshing to my weary heart, that thirsted for kindness and affection, was the voice of sympathy with which the lad—and he was but a schoolboy—addressed me. He could not help, he said, looking at me, I looked so tired, so jaded; and as I sipped my lemonade, and began to feel wonderfully revived, not more by the draught than by his kindness, he stood by and talked, in a pleasant, sociable tone, of things likely to interest me, until I warmed with the subject, and forgot that I was a *governess*. He had, on one or two occasions, spoken to me with more cordiality than any other member of the family, and on this evening my forlorn appearance might well have touched a harder heart than his.

I was aroused from my pleasing dream by a warning that my successor at the piano—a plain, good-humoured maiden aunt—was playing polkas in the time of funeral marches, and that it was impossible to dance to her music. Accordingly, a request, sounding very much like an order, was issued that I would resume my seat. Edward Serle, however, opposed the measure; and going straight up to his mother, who was seated amidst a gaily-dressed group, looking on with admiring eyes at her children's light forms as they moved in the dance: "Mother," he said (he had only this Christmas dropped mamma), "poor Miss Maitland is so ill that I think she ought to go to bed."

I trembled as I heard him speak, and yet more so when I saw her bright eye light on me with an expression of anything but pity.

"She looked well and merry enough just now, when she was talking to you."

"Mamma!" said the lad, indignantly, and turned abruptly away.

With a heart swelling with shame and indignation I returned to the piano, where I performed my part for the remainder of the evening.

I was dressing the next day at a later hour than usual, for we had all need of an extra time for repose, and my little pupils still slept, when the housemaid brought me up a pencil note from Mrs. Serle, informing me that she considered my manners much too free in company, and decidedly unbecoming my *station*; that she noticed with regret that I was much too forward with her son, who, I must remember, was coming to an age when great care and delicacy of conduct were necessary.

I know my lips must have curled at this. Edward Serle was but sixteen years of age, and I had never given him a thought or look but as a raw schoolboy who had tormented me a little with his numerous schoolboy wants since his return, but whose good-humour had made my services comparatively easy to render. I crumpled the note in my hand, and prepared an indignant reply. But a few moments' consideration decided me not to send it, and I proceeded to my morning duties too ill and stu-

pified by the last night's fatigue, and a wearying cough and pain in my side, to care much about the matter. Rest! rest! was what I craved, and rest I must soon have, I felt persuaded, or I should sink. I made the breakfast as usual, and sat as unconcerned as I could beneath a volley of sharp angry glances, which were interrupted by Lizzy exclaiming:—

"Papa, do you know Miss Maitland coughed so last night that I could not bear to hear her. Do send for Dr. Hanson, papa."

Mr. Serle looked very dignified, as much as to say, "The governess, well or ill, was not his affair;" but a momentary glance at me altered the speech which he was going to make, I suppose. I remember nothing more, however, except that the room swam and turned round with me, and that I awoke with my head on the housemaid's arm, and the doctor was standing by my side.

"She must go to bed," he said to Mrs. Serle, seriously; "there is every symptom of inflammation."

"Had she not better go home?" asked Mrs. Serle. The doctor looked aghast at the inhumanity of a proposal for which I could have blessed her. "You see the house is very full, and—"

"Oh yes, *home, home*," I said faintly. "Pray, Dr. Hanson, send me home."

My request must have been piteous indeed, for the doctor looked compassionately at me.

"You are too ill to travel alone," he said; "but if you really wish to go home, although, mind! it is certainly a risk on a day like this, with lungs in the condition of yours, I will go with you."

I seized his hand, and grasping it with all my little strength, I could only reiterate the words: "Take me *home*."

My few worldly goods were for the most part left under Susan's care, to be sent in the course of a few days; and with Lizzy crying over me I awaited Dr. Hanson's return, who had promised to come for me in his carriage in time for the next train. Ill as I was, I could not refrain from pitying Mrs. Serle. She looked both ashamed and concerned. She was not deficient either in good sense or good feeling, and the tears stood in her eyes as she bent over me. She was not, I repeat, naturally hard-hearted; but she had never learned the lesson, learned best in early life, of kind consideration for, and tender guardianship, of dependants. She would have blushed to own it in so many words; but her actions were daily and hourly proofs of a strange forgetfulness, that a governess was still a fellow-creature, and could feel and suffer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HERSCHELS AT SLOUGH.

It has not perhaps been to our national credit in time past, that the men who have been distinguished merely by connection with scenes of martial strife have enjoyed a larger measure of public admiration and gratitude, while their career has found a more speedy chronicle, than those who have won distinction by enlarging the bounds of knowledge, promoting the interesting or useful sciences, and illustrating the grandeur of the universe. Especially have the lives of our physical inquirers been overlooked until a very recent date. Newton

had lain in his grave a hundred and four years, Flamsteed a hundred and sixteen, and Bradley seventy years, before justice was done to their memory by competent biographies from the pens of Brewster, Baily, and Rigaud. Though public sentiment has immensely improved in its estimate of the value of actions, yet the great self-taught optician and astronomer of the last century, sir William Herschel, still remains without a similarly creditable record. The materials for it are abundant, while his claims are undoubted, and few more interesting volumes would be embraced by our literature than a careful analysis of his immense labours, as he sounded the remote profundities of the firmament and ranged unwearied among its abysses. His mode of operation marks the original, philosophic, and great mind. Instead of quarrelling with contemporaries, and contesting received opinions, he proceeded unostentatiously to examine for himself, mingling boldness with modesty, a thirsting after large and general views with the scrupulous observation of appearances, and dutiful obedience to their intimations. His rise forms a grand epoch in astronomy. Previously, all accessible space seemed to be circumscribed by the planetary orbits, which constituted, in general, effective bounds to scientific inquiry. Astronomers had seldom ventured to grapple with greater remoteness. They were much upon the same level with rustic ignorance respecting the farther heavens, content to gaze upon their objects, admire their beauty, and confess their mystery. But Herschel fearlessly, yet quietly, overleaped the limits of his predecessors and contemporaries, attempted to lay open the hitherto unexplored recesses of the sidereal world, and succeeded to no mean extent in lifting up the veil from its economy.

Without intending to trace the career of Herschel, a few particulars of his life may be given to complete a sketch. He was the second son of a musician at Hanover, born November 15, 1738, and brought up to his father's profession. Being placed in the band of a Hanoverian regiment of guards, he either came over with it to England, or, according to some accounts, arrived alone in quest of fortune, when about twenty years of age, immediately before George III ascended the throne. He settled successively at Durham, Halifax, and Bath, following his musical vocation, but turned his attention to astronomy in the latter city. Having a strong mechanical genius, with some knowledge of optics, and being destitute of means to purchase a telescope of adequate power, he resolved upon the construction of one with his own hands. The earliest, a five-feet Newtonian reflector, with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter and the ring of Saturn, was completed in 1774. Herschel was indefatigable in arming himself with instrumental assistance, and became in fact a telescope-maker upon an extensive scale, not for profit, but the better to see with his own eyes the wonders of planetary and sidereal space. In order to secure a good instrument, he finished an immense number of specula, selecting the best for use. The labour and anxiety involved in casting, grinding, and polishing, can only be appreciated by those who are practically acquainted with the processes. Altogether, he accomplished the construction of two

hundred specula of seven-feet focus, one hundred and fifty of ten-feet, and above eighty of twenty-feet, besides a number of the Gregorian form, amounting to a total of not less than five hundred.

The telescope is widely removed, by its origin, character, and field of operation, from all other mechanical contrivances. It cannot be considered as the offspring of man's wisdom and device, for it was not, properly speaking, an invention. A Middleburgh maker of spectacles stumbled upon the discovery, owing to his children directing his attention to the enlarged appearance of the weathercock of a church, as accidentally seen through two spectacle glasses, held between the fingers some distance apart. This was one of childhood's inadvertent acts, and seldom has there been a parallel example of mighty results springing out of so trivial a circumstance. It is strange to reflect upon the playful pranks of infantile life being connected in their issue, and at no distant date, with telling the number of the stars, and revealing the richness of the firmament! The instrument was further perfectly original in its intent and purpose. The noblest monuments of human mechanics have either been elaborated from designs supplied by nature, or been extensions of already familiar ideas. Thus the tiny shell of the Nautilus sailing upon the ocean, and the leaf floating at random upon its surface, are miniature resemblances of the stately merchant vessel and man-of-war, as to the principle of their buoyancy. Long before balloons rose in the atmosphere, and ascended above the clouds, the schoolboy playing at bubbles indicated the achievement of the aeronaut. The complex steam-engine, with its hiss, scream, panting, and colossal powers, had its germ in the boiling kettle of the domestic hearth, and is only an expansion of it. But the telescope, which summons into view what without it would for ever remain invisible, involved a principle altogether novel. Experience knew no prototype of it. Nature offered no analogy. Unlike, too, all other things of human construction, its special province is remote and celestial, though applicable to sublunar purposes. Considerations of this kind establish for the telescope a high claim to admiration and esteem, as the gift of Providence to the human race, in the last great cycle of their existence, intended to illustrate the extent and magnificence of the universe. The instrument had been known for a century and a half before Herschel directed his attention to it, but while in his hands the secret of its power and magnitude was for the first time revealed.

At Bath, the city of fashion, while a humble organist, he discovered Uranus, on the night of the 13th of March, 1781, when examining some small stars in the constellation of the Twins. The new body was at first suspected to be a comet, and, as such, its existence was reported to Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, by whom it was made known to the continental astronomers. But it was soon perceived to have a circular orbit, and to be in fact another planet, revolving round the sun at the distance of eighteen hundred millions of miles, or double that of Saturn, the most remote of the planetary orbs before known. Subsequently, six satellites were discovered in attendance upon the stranger, revolving in a retrograde direction around

their primary. This extension of the system established the European fame of Herschel. It attracted the attention of George III, who attached him to his court in the capacity of private astronomer, with a salary of 400*l.* per annum, and the honour of knighthood. This munificent patronage led him to remove to Datchet, and afterwards to Slough, near Windsor, where he resided to the end of his days. He married a widow lady, Mrs. Mary Pitt; and the present sir John Herschel is the heir of his name and fame.

The new resident at Slough had not long been located there before he projected the construction of a telescope upon a scale which the most sanguine mechanicians had never anticipated. For him to entertain a design was resolutely to act with reference to its accomplishment; and difficulties in the way only illustrated the unconquerable ardour of his mind. Though repeatedly foiled in the attempt to cast great specula, which cracked in the act of annealing, and met by other mischances, he persevered till success crowned his efforts. The design being submitted, through the medium of sir Joseph Banks, to the king, he generously offered to defray the whole expense; and, thus encouraged, the task of constructing a forty-feet reflector was commenced towards the close of the year 1785, and completed by the middle of 1789. Though far surpassed in size and power by some modern instruments, Herschel's great telescope was an immense advance ahead of its predecessors—a giant after pygmies. The polished or effective surface of the speculum, or object-glass, attained the vast magnitude of four feet in diameter. It was three inches and a half in thickness, which was uniform in every part, and weighed nearly 2118 pounds. The metal was composed of pure copper and tin, in the proportion of 32 copper and 10*7* of tin. Had the mirror reflected all the light which fell upon it, it would virtually have been an eye with a pupil of four feet diameter; in other words, it would have been more powerful than the human eye in the same proportion as its enormous disc exceeded the contracted surface of our pupil. But, notwithstanding much light unavoidably lost, it resolved the faint and confused into definite form on sweeping the firmament; reached the inconceivably distant, and showed nearer objects clothed with inexpressibly beautiful or overpowering lustre. Intent on discovery in the remote regions of the universe, Herschel seldom looked at the larger stars, and especially avoided them, as their blaze might endanger vision. But on one occasion, while casually sweeping a portion of the heavens, he tells us, "the appearance of Sirius announced itself, at a great distance, like the dawn of the morning, and came on by degrees, increasing in brightness, till this brilliant star at last entered the field of the telescope with all the splendour of the rising sun, and forced me to take my eye from the beautiful sight."

To one of his ten-feet telescopes Herschel assigned a space-penetrating power of 28*½*, or a capability of descrying a star 28*½* times farther off than the naked eye can. To one of his twenty-feet telescopes he gave the power of 61. Another, of superior construction, he rated at 96. But the space-penetrating power of the giant instrument he estimated at 192! We may gather precise

ideas from these figures. Thus, he computed that the depth to which the naked eye can penetrate into space extends to stars of the twelfth order of distances; that is, it can descry a star twelve times the distance of those luminaries which, from their superior magnitude, we conclude to be the nearest to us. Though his accuracy has here been questioned, we may assume the correctness of the estimate, and readily calculate the searching power of the instruments by multiplying each of the foregoing numbers by twelve. The result, in the instance of the forty-feet reflector, is 2304; so that, if that number of stars ranged in a straight line beyond Sirius, commonly considered the nearest, each being separated by a chasm equal to that which divides his orb from our own, the forty-feet telescope would reach them all. The distance of Sirius defies mensuration. But it must be more remote than twenty billions of miles, else there would be a perceptible annual parallax. That enormous interval, therefore, multiplied 2304 times, will only approximately express the depth to which the instrument penetrated into space.

The tube of the huge reflector was made of iron, and extended thirty-nine feet four inches in length by four feet ten inches in width. It was erected in the open air, with complicated apparatus for movements at the pleasure of the observer, and Slough was rendered by it a common place of pilgrimage to members of the scientific world. On the first night of its application to the heavens, August 27, 1789, a new body was added to the system, one of the satellites of Saturn, the sixth in the order of discovery, but the second in the order of distance from him. The event was thus recorded:—"In hopes of great success with my forty-feet speculum, I deferred the attack upon Saturn till that should be finished; and having taken an early opportunity of directing it upon Saturn, the very first moment that I saw the planet I was presented with a view of six of its satellites, in such a situation, and so bright, as rendered it impossible to mistake or not to see them." In less than a month afterwards, the seventh satellite, or the nearest to the primary, a most difficult test object, was caught. Herschel found the solar system with eighteen members, including planets, satellites, and Halley's comet, when his labours commenced; and he increased the number to twenty-seven—a brilliant recompence for time, toil, and care. But his most surprising results were realized in a more distant field than our own part of the universe; and his title to reputation rests chiefly upon the assiduity with which he gauged the starry firmament, resolved the milky way into a congeries of many millions of stars, discovered binary sidereal systems, the smaller components revolving round the greater, and systems still more complex, consisting of treble, quadruple, and multiple constituents. The principal double stars, as well as the planet Uranus, were found with a telescope of but seven-feet focus, for he never observed with a larger instrument when a smaller would answer the intended purpose, because both time and trouble were thereby saved. Such was the work of the astronomer in favourable weather, night after night, from dewy eve to break of day, till his death, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-four, August 23, 1822.

Caroline Lucretia Herschel, his sister, not only officiated as his amanuensis, but was also an assiduous independent observer at Slough. With a little Newtonian sweeper, of only twenty-seven inches focal length, she discovered various stellar clusters, and no fewer than five comets, of which that of 1795, in the constellation Cygnus, is now known as Encke's. This lady retired to Hanover, where she survived to the great age of ninety-seven, in the full enjoyment of her mental faculties. A well-earned tribute of respect was paid her by the Royal Astronomical Society in 1835, when she was constituted an honorary member of that body. The council stated, in a report to the general meeting, "That while the tests of astronomical merit should in no case be applied to the works of a woman less severely than to those of a man, the sex of the former should no longer be an obstacle to her receiving any acknowledgment which might be held due to the latter. Your council, therefore, recommends this meeting to add to the list of honorary members the names of Miss Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville, of whose astronomical knowledge, and of the utility of the ends to which it has been applied, it is not necessary to recount the proofs." Miss Herschel died at Hanover, January 9, 1848.

After an existence of rather more than half a century, Slough lost an object which had attracted hosts of visitors, and been viewed with curiosity by many a passing traveller. The frame of the instrument becoming decayed, through exposure to the weather, it was dismantled, an occasion which drew the following lines from sir John Herschel:—

REQUIEM OF THE FORTY-FEET REFLECTOR AT SLOUGH.

Sung on New Year's Eve 1839-40.

In the old Telescope's tube we sit,
And the shades of the past around us sit,
His requiems sing we with shout and din,
While the old year goes out, and the new comes in.
Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,
And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

Fall fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form;
Now prone he lies where he once stood high,
And search'd the deep heaven with his broad bright eye.
(Chorus.)

There are wonders no living wight hath seen,
Which within this hollow have pictured been;
Which mortal record can never recall,
And are known to Him only who made them all.
(Chorus.)

Here watch'd our father the wintry night,
And his gaze hath been fed with pre-adamite light;
While planets above him, in mystic dance,
Sent down on his toils a propitious glance.
(Chorus.)

It has stretch'd it quietly down at length,
To bask in the star-light its giant strength;
And Time shall here a tough morsel find
For his steel-devouring teeth to grind.
(Chorus.)

He will grind it at last, as grind it he must,
And its brass and its iron shall be clay and rust;
But scathless ages shall pass away,
And nurture its fame in its form's decay.
(Chorus.)

A new year dawns, and the old year's past,
May it be a happy one like the last!
A little more sun, and a little less rain,
To save us from sadness, sickness, and pain.
(Chorus.)

Oh! grant that its end this group may find,
In love and in harmony fondly join'd!
And that some of us, fifty years hence, once more
May make the old Telescope's echoes roar.
(Chorus.)

Slough is now chiefly known by the flight of railway trains and the progresses of royalty: sir John Herschel residing at Collingwood. But scientific records and local tradition will keep in remembrance its long connection with the astronomy of England.

THE GREAT-MANED ANT-EATER, OR ANT-BEAR.

EVERY remarkable occurrence demands a date; and, in the scientific world, dates, as the student will soon find, are of great importance. It was, then, at the commencement of the month of October, 1853, that, after some delay, the Zoological Society of London added to the unrivalled vivarium at Regent's Park an animal from the interior of Brazil, which, we believe, had never previously been imported alive into Europe. We allude to the great-maned ant-eater, than which no animal could be more acceptable to the zoologist.

Scarcely had the new comer to the Zoological Gardens been safely housed, and regularly installed as a member of the incorporated society of the animal kingdom assembled there, than we felt ourselves bound to pay homage to the illustrious stranger, and take our stand before it with a salaam. The animal held its court in an apartment adjoining that wherein a juvenile chimpanzee, the captive scion of a powerful sept or clan on the banks of the Quorra, holds his daily levée. As we entered, our olfactory nerves at once apprised us that the great Brazilian was by no means perfumed with attar of roses. If the truth is to be told, the odour which saluted our nostrils was overpoweringly offensive, requiring a profusion of eau de Cologne in order to render it a little less intolerable. There was a crowd of spectators, and continual use was made among them of handkerchiefs, scented or unscented. For ourselves, we were ready to exclaim, in the words put by a great genius into the mouth of one of his characters, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!" This odour was that of the natural cutaneous exudation of the animal.

On a bed of clean straw, in one corner of the apartment, lay the destroyer of ants, taking its mid-day siesta. Its appearance was indistinct, but reminded us of a large grey or grizzled Newfoundland dog, asleep in his kennel. On a closer scrutiny, the body seemed to be covered by a *panache* of long flowing hair; but this *panache* proceeded from the reverted tail, and was such as to form a good defence against the rays of the sun on the one hand, or the heavy shower on the other.

After waiting with commendable patience for half an hour, and observing no signs of restoration to a state of activity, we betook ourselves to the aquatic vivarium, which, to our great satisfaction, we found crowded with visitors, among whom

exclamations of delight and astonishment were in constant repetition. There we passed a pleasant hour, made many notes, and revelled in the contemplation of ocean's animated wonders.



THE ANT-EATER.

At length we thought it best to return to the main object of our visit, hoping that the slumbers of the "mound-leverer" were passed away. But no, there the animal lay somnolent as before, and not a muscle moved. We began to get impatient, but plucked up good courage, and determined to wait even to the latest moment. Our resolution happily was soon rewarded. Leisurely, as if irresolute and scarcely thoroughly awake, up rose the stolid beast, the dread even of the terrible jaguar, and after sniffing the air—not with broad nostrils like the stag painted in the "Lady of the Lake," but through little orifices at the end of a long, slender, tapering snout, for such it at first appeared—it moved forwards into full view. Then it was that the contour and proportions of this stranger from the swampy forests of Brazil were revealed to our sight, and that a murmur of surprise greeted its appearance. And well it might be so, for strange and eccentric was its aspect; it was such as would have enchanted Fuseli. Let us, however, before entering into details, here record our first impressions.

Before our eyes stalked forth, with heavy and deliberate steps, a creature of large size, taller or quite as tall as a very fine Newfoundland dog, but much longer in the proportion of the body to that of its height. Its covering was coarse, long, grizzled hair; a broad black stripe, narrowing as it proceeds, passed obliquely from the chest over each shoulder. The head, covered with close hair, looked in its *tout ensemble*, from the thick deep neck to its apex, like a long slender tube or proboscis, in strange contrast with the stupendous massiveness of the limbs. The eyes were small; the ears, in a direct line and about one inch above them, were very close and rather rounded, but so little elevated that their precise form was not immediately obvious. A mane of very long hair rose over the withers. The tail—how shall we describe it?

No Newfoundland dog, no setter, no retriever, ever boasted of such a caudal appendage; no, not even the famous dog of Alcibiades. It was as long or longer than the whole body, and was evidently stout and robust in bone and muscle at the base. As the creature moved along, it was held in a line with the body, sometimes a little depressed, and at others a little elevated; but, even when raised, its *panache* (*plume* does not express the meaning) of densely-set, long, wiry hairs, from the base to the apex, swept the floor. The very weight of this alone, carried from the base to the extremity of the lever, evidently indicated the vast development of the lumbar and supra-caudal muscles. No light feathery plume was it; but a massive, drooping, heavy fringe, capable of being thrown like a thatch over the body during repose.

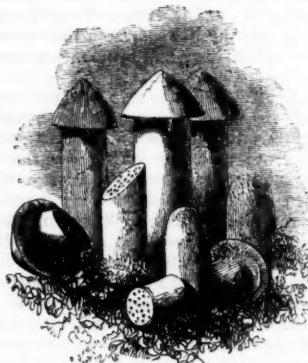
The fore feet of the animal were armed with enormous hooked claws; but these, being doubled up close on the thick pad of the sole, were not at first visible, so that the fore feet looked like mere stumps rather than like fully formed feet, as did those of the hinder limbs. The gait was heavy, but by no means slow or crawling; indeed, the animal is said to be capable of moving along with considerable celerity. The whole contour exhibited an appearance of great massiveness and enormous muscular power, especially in the neck, chest, shoulders, and fore limbs, while the claws were well fitted for grappling, wrenching, and for rending asunder the solid sun-baked mud walls of the pyramids of the termite.



DWELLINGS OF WHITE ANTS.

Such were the generalities which forced themselves upon our notice. We will now proceed to a few details. Of the stature of the animal we have said enough. Let us begin with the head. The skull of this strange creature is modelled on the tubular principle. From the *occiput* (that is, the back portion of the frame-work of the head) runs out a long trumpet-like projection, composed of the bones of the cranium and the jaws. This long slender trumpet, or proboscis, incloses in its singular development all the organs of the senses, even that of tact, or especial feeling; for the nose, in

this as in other instances, is the organ of tactility.* The eyes of the animal were small, on a line with the cranial projection, and, as it appeared to us, very inefficient by day-light. The iris, as we



DWELLINGS OF WHITE ANTS.

saw it, seemed very narrow, and of a dark hazel-brown, and the pupil minute; but, when the shadows of evening descend over the wooded swamps of Brazil or Guiana, may not that pupil expand into dark orb, bounded only by the little eyelids? Looking at the eyes with consideration, we registered them in our mind as organs formed for twilight or nocturnal vision. Little use, indeed, did the animal make of them when perambulating its apartments, as we shall soon demonstrate.

Now for the organs of hearing. We have described their external figure and position, close above the little eyes; but what shall we say of the animal's hearing power? If sensibility to invocations loudly uttered could have awakened the sleeper through this medium, he must have responded to the call. "Seven sleepers" are recorded in the works of the olden time; surely this somnolent Brazilian, taking its siesta, might be put down for the eighth: it slept as an athlete. When aroused, however, it seemed even then almost dead to sounds and exclamations; at least it noticed them not, and they passed by it as the dle wind.

If sight was defective and hearing obtuse, the contrary appeared to be the case with the sense of smell—a fact which indeed might be inferred even from a consideration of the extension of the olfactory organs, carried along the upper portion of the tubular head from the space between the ears to the two little narrow terminal slits which represent the nostrils. Ever and anon the animal elevated its snout and sniffed the air, and when its keeper, a most careful and obliging man, brought in a pan of milk, it followed him about with a stamping, bear-like gait, evidently directed rather by the sense of smell than of vision to the vessel which he carried in his hand. Moreover, it evidently knew its attendant, and indicated, by projecting its snout to him when he at first entered the apartment without anything in his hands,

* Tactility means feeling, in contradistinction to simple sensitiveness. For example, our hands are endowed with tactility; our whole cutaneous surface with sensitiveness.

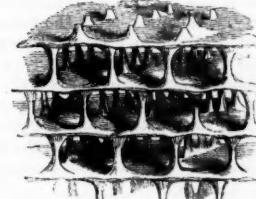
that the recognition chiefly depended upon the sense of smell. The animal allowed him to pat it, and seemed pleased with his notice; but it uttered no noise or cry so long as we stayed to observe it. This, however, proves nothing: it is said to utter, when pleased, a peculiar whine, and we have the highest authority for this fact.

From the sense of smell to that of taste the transition is direct. Let it here be premised that the ant-eater has no teeth; it is therefore strictly edentate, as naturalists term it. The jaw-bones are long, slender, and feeble. The mouth is a little aperture at the end of the snout, and merely fitted for the protrusion of a long, rapier-like, glutinous tongue from its sheath; as the natural food of this animal consists principally of termite ants and their pupæ—the latter more especially—this long viscous tongue is a most efficient instrument for such a purpose. For the crushing of such food teeth are not needed, as it is swallowed without mastication, and doubtless with a copious flow of saliva. But we have yet to describe the animal's tongue as it presented itself to our personal observation. We were contemplating the ant-eater while it sat up on its haunches, like a great dog, with its long snout elevated; suddenly from its mouth a thin, dark, purplish glossy stream, like that of treacle, seemed to flow, certainly to the extent



THE WHITE FEMALE ANT.

of more than two feet. In this stream a slight vibration was perceptible, and then, as if its current suddenly retrograded, it glided upwards and rolled back through the mouth into its hidden fount. This stream was the tongue. Many times, both while the animal rested and while it traversed its apartment, was this exhibition repeated, and always with sufficient deliberation for the eye to follow out the whole movement. We are assured,



GALLERIES OF AN ANT'S NEST.

however, that when employed in active service, a breach in the wall of an ants' mound having been effected, the movements of this organ are incalculably rapid, which we can readily believe.

As we have said, our Brazilian stranger followed the keeper, bearing in his hand a vessel of milk.*

* In noticing the diet of the animal in question, we may observe that in its native wilds it is a destroyer of termites; but our captive cannot here be entertained with such fare. As a substitute, it is furnished with a supply of raw eggs, the shells of which are of course removed. Of these it consumes

In a short time, having at our especial desire tested the olfactory sense of the animal, he indulged it with a good draught of the coveted beverage. We expected to see it lap the fluid up by some action of the tongue; perchance, dog-like; perchance like that displayed when the organ is inserted into the sinuosities of the termite-mounds, and is drawn back laden with the luscious food. Not so, however: it simply applied its tiny mouth to the milk, and sucked it up gradually and quietly, with the least possible perceptible sound. Not more delicately does the horse sip its water from the trough, than did the ant-eater its milk from the pan. A thought crossed our mind at the time: how would the ant-eater manage with boiled marrow-bones of beef? would not the remarkable tongue be then displayed in full action? For once, at least, the experiment might be worth a trial, if only for the sake of witnessing the action of this organ.

It may seem at first surprising that an animal so bulky and massive as the ant-eater, can not only subsist, but keep up its muscular strength and condition, on such diet as that afforded by white ants or termites. The same observation applies with even more force to the Greenland whale; but, in each instance, we draw our deduction from erroneous premises: we do not take into account the extremely nutritious quality of the food, and the fact of its making up weight by the aggregation of a multitude of minute units, so as to counterbalance that of mass in solidity. Myriads upon myriads of tiny beings are daily devoured both by the whale and the ant-eater. Termite mounds characterize the haunts of the ant-eater, and we have described its structural fitness for demolishing these insect fastnesses. It makes short work in opening a breach, and then its tongue is brought into full play. Soon, however, the startled termites, in order to escape the fate of the myriads which first fell a sacrifice, take refuge in the deeper and smaller galleries of the ruined edifice. But vain are their efforts; their enemy tears off huge fragments of the galleried walls with his strenuous claws, holds them firm with his left paws, and leisurely breaks them up with the right, the tongue in the mean time performing its office with celerity. When satiated, the ant-eater ceases the work of destruction. It would appear that a considerable quantity of the earthy materials of the ants' dome is swallowed along with the insects themselves, and Dr. Schomburgk supposes, perhaps correctly, that this material aids digestion.

Furnished with its tail, which can be used as

about twenty-four daily; in addition to a pint of new milk, it also drinks a little water. While we were listening to this statement our eyes rested upon a dead rabbit, cut open and somewhat crushed, which lay on the floor of the apartment. We asked whether it was not killed and placed there by way of experiment. We found that it was so; the ant-eater had more than once in our presence applied its tongue to this newly-killed animal, as if to taste the blood; but beyond this, during the previous night, it had taken in—we can hardly say devoured—the greatest portion of the softer viscera. It refused any preparation of grain. Nevertheless, we learn from Dr. Schomburgk, that a farinaceous preparation, namely, of cassada, was much relished by individuals in confinement, in their native regions. Minced fresh beef and even fish were also acceptable, provided these viands were chopped up so finely as to be under the prehensile command of the little moveable upper lip. That our captive should be enabled to draw in and swallow the tender viscera of a young rabbit need not therefore surprise us.

a penthouse, the ant-eater makes no nest or burrow, but curls itself up, and is thus sufficiently protected against the inclemency of the weather.

Though generally deliberate in its movements, the ant-eater can push its pace into a peculiar trot, or long gallop, and is then not easily overtaken; indeed, it will keep a horse on the canter for upwards of half an hour, and by no means tires readily itself.

The female possesses two pectoral teats, and produces only one young at a time, which soon clings firmly to her back, and, thus attached, is carried about with her during her rambles. It remains under her care for the space of a year, and then shifts for itself. When pursued with her young one on her back, the mother seeks safety in flight, and holds on her course till fairly overtaken; she has indeed been known to keep a horse on the full canter for half an hour. When hard pressed, she assumes a posture of defence, raises herself upon her haunches, and, resting on one fore paw, strikes with the claws of the other at her enemy, changing from the right to the left limb, and *vice versa*, as the latter alters his position of attack. The force of these blows is tremendous. Should the danger increase, she throws herself upon her back, and strikes with both claws at her enemy. To the last moment the young one clings to the mother. It is in this manner that she receives her fierce opponent, the jaguar. Those who had witnessed the fight, described it to Dr. Schomburgk as being very characteristic. There is no yielding on the part of the ant-eater, and it frequently happens that both combatants remain dead upon the spot, or that one does not survive the other many hours. "The force," says Dr. Schomburgk, "of the ant-eater is astonishing, and I have no doubt that it is well able to rip up the belly of its assailant." He adds: "If the ant-eater should succeed in throwing its arms round its enemy, and fixing its claws in the flesh, nothing can disengage it from its embrace; the muscles grow stiff, and, as I have been told, without being able to vouch for its veracity, in this situation both animals die."

When young individuals are captured, they at first try to hide themselves, but, if approached, put themselves into a resolute posture of defence, growling at the same time like an irritated puppy. That the ant-eater is capable of climbing has been abundantly proved by Dr. Schomburgk, who witnessed this operation most adroitly performed both by young ones and adults, the fore limbs being used alternately, and one secured by means of the claws before the other is advanced. From witnessing the agility thus displayed, Dr. Schomburgk expresses his conviction that, should circumstances require it, these animals would climb trees with the greatest readiness. Of the docility both of adults and young, in a short time after their capture, the following extracts from Dr. Schomburgk's paper, in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," relative to another specimen of the ant-eater which came under his notice, may not be uninteresting.

"It appeared to be of a very cold nature; not only the extremities but the whole body felt cold to the touch, although we kept it wrapped up in a blanket. It preferred, however, to be nestled and to be taken up, and on putting it down it emitted

a whining but not unpleasant sound; when it did not succeed in attracting attention, and was not taken up again, the whining sound was raised to a harsh and grating noise. In following a person, it directed its course more by the smell than by sight, and carried its snout close to the ground. If it found itself at fault, it wheeled round at right angles upon the hind legs, and snuffed the air in all directions until it found the right scent again. Of the dimness of its sight we had various proofs; it hurt itself frequently against objects that stood in its way, not observing them till it came in contact with them. Its power of smelling was exquisite, and it could discover its nurse, or any person to whom it had taken a liking, at a considerable distance. Upon these occasions it would commence the whining sound so peculiar to this animal. It was an expert climber. It happened that I was one of its favourites, and whilst writing on my table it used to come softly behind me, and as soon as it was sure it had found me out, it climbed up my legs with great dexterity. Out of amusement we frequently held up its blanket, and it climbed up its whole length.

"When the Indian woman was not present, or otherwise occupied, and did not pet the young ant-eater, she used to throw some of the clothes she had worn or her own blanket before it, in which it wrapped itself and was pacified. This effect could not be produced by any other person's clothes. It showed its attachment by licking, and was very gentle and even sportive: we all prized it highly. It slept a great deal. We had it for nearly two months, and as it began to feed itself, we had great hopes of rearing it; unfortunately we were unable to procure milk, and whether in consequence of the change of food, or some other cause, it gradually declined. I found it sometimes as cold as ice, and stiff; and, though I recovered it repeatedly, it died one day during my absence."

Having so far detailed the results of our personal observations relative to this extraordinary specimen, (introduced into the Gardens of the Zoological Society at the cost of 200*l.*, through the exertions of the indefatigable secretary of the Institution,) it is our duty to express our thanks to the chief superintendent of the vivarium, for his kindness in affording the writer every facility for a leisurely survey of this singular creature, and for his compliance with our wishes in more than one instance.

OLD HUMPHREY'S VISIT TO BELVOIR CASTLE.

CASTLE-VISITING and castle-building are very agreeable recreations: the one is performed on the earth, the other in the air. Windsor, Warwick, Kenilworth, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton are but a few of the frowning old fortresses which have contributed to my gratification. I now, however, have to speak of Belvoir Castle, in Leicestershire. "Dash into your subject at once," says an author, "without wasting your time in a wordy preamble, if your object be to interest your reader, and not to show off your own cleverness." Thus seasonably admonished, I will at once dash into my subject. Having no royal pageant to parade, a flourish of trumpets will not be necessary.

Being in the neighbourhood of this remarkable building not a very long time ago, I set out to walk towards it with my light partridge cane in my hand, leaving one Thomas Christmas, a very civil man and careful driver, to overtake me with the fly containing a gentleman and lady of about my own years, and a young friend of cheerful and agreeable disposition. I found quite enough in the walk agreeably to occupy my attention. Now I was gazing up at the flights of starlings in the air; now watching the blue or rather violet butterfly on the grassy ground; now inspecting the odd forms eaten by insects on the gates and stiles; and now regarding the deaf stone-breaker in the road, and the harvest-people in the fields. Presently I came in sight of Belvoir Castle, the most conspicuous object in the distant prospect.

Few scenes are more pleasantly impressive than this majestic castellated pile, standing on its commanding eminence, embosomed in a forest of foliage, stretching out far and wide, diversified with spacious walks and opening glades. The building is quadrangular, and the larger towers are surmounted by smaller ones rising above them. The numerous windows of the edifice of necessity impart to it a modern appearance, for the narrow slits of old fortresses were ill adapted for light and cheerfulness.

The history of this castle may be given in a few words. The posterity of its founder held it to the reign of Henry III., when by marriage it came into the keeping of Robert de Roos, and afterwards into that of sir Robert Manners, of Etall, in the county of Northumberland; since which time it has not passed from the latter family, its present owner being John Henry Manners, duke of Rutland, K. C. During the cruel wars of York and Lancaster, many a rude attack did the castle endure, and many a warlike sally was made from its massive walls; but, at last, it was ravaged and laid partly in ruins. In the reign of Henry VIII., Thomas Manners, lord Roos, the first earl of Rutland, restored it, and the second earl also greatly extended it; but, during the unhappy war between king Charles and the Parliament, it again became a seat of strife and contention. Each party when successful garrisoned it, and in these rude changes it suffered much. The rough usages of iron-handed war left traces behind it—traces of desolation.

The castle was again repaired after the Restoration in 1668, but it did not attain its present magnificence till it came into possession of its present owner. The outwork, called Staunton Tower, the chief stronghold of the castle, is exceedingly imposing. The command of it is held by the family of Staunton, which, by tenure of castle-guard, were anciently required to appear with soldiers for the defence of this strong post in case of danger. It has been the custom when any of the royal family have honoured Belvoir Castle with their presence, for the chief of the Staunton family personally to appear, and present the key of the stronghold to such distinguished personage.

In the year 1816, Oct. 26th, a fearful fire gained the ascendancy over this princely dwelling and nearly destroyed it. The grand staircase, picture-gallery, and part of the pictures were burnt. "The massive golden salver, composed of tributary tokens

of royal and public respect for national services performed by the Rutland family," was fortunately preserved. Notwithstanding this calamitous disaster, the castle now even exceeds its former beauty and magnificence. The following is a part of the grateful memorial of the duke with regard to this distressing calamity, in which it is said property to the extent of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds was destroyed. "The principal part of the plate and more than one half of the collection of pictures were saved, and a mercy of still greater value and importance was bestowed upon the duchess and me (then absent at Cheveley Park), in the preservation of our five dear children, and of the whole family in the castle. So true is it that even in his just chastisements an Almighty God is merciful, and that his severest dispensations possess sources of comfort to the mind of a Christian. It is with a due sense of the Divine goodness, and with a proper gratitude for the mercy of God, that I recommend on this day the rebuilding of the north-west and north-east fronts of Belvoir Castle, having committed the superintendance of the building to the Rev. sir John Thronton, knight, assisted by Mr. Thomas Turner as clerk of the works; fully confiding in their ability and anxiety to temper splendour with prudence, and comfort with economy, but more particularly conscious, that

" Except the Lord build the house,
Their labour is but lost that build it."

Having lingered a little in the entrance-hall and narrow passage, decorated with stags' horns, swords, pistols, and musketry in ornamental forms, and elegant suits of armour both gilt and black, we ascended a flight of steps, at the bottom of which stood a beautiful piece of mounted ordnance, taken from the Sikhs, and presented to the duke of Rutland by sir Henry Hardinge; as a model of beauty in gunnery, a perfect toy of war, it is, no doubt, regarded by military visitors with admiration and pleasure. Pictures, and stained-glass windows, on which are depicted in full-length figures the warriors of other times in hauberts and with double-handed swords, now attracted our attention; while, looking around us every now and then, we saw long files of visitors at a distance, passing on accompanied by their guides.

How varied are our tastes and inclinations in roaming through the repositories of art and excellence!

As different objects strike our view,
So different ends we all pursue.
By passion spur'd, by prudence rein'd,
With taste and knowledge felt or feign'd,
We gaze with ardent and admiring eyes
On pictures, marbles, as they round us rise,
Or glowing glass bestain'd with glitt'ring dyes.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy or the patience of the agreeable housekeeper, who, with becoming gray hairs and comparatively youthful features, attended us through the castle, making plain what required explanation, and allowing us to linger when we felt disposed, without the slightest manifestation of impatience. I ventured to suggest the hope that she would never willingly discard the gray hairs which so well became her, and received her assurance that she never would.

The Regent's Gallery, so called out of compliment to George IV., is filled with choice productions of art of various kinds. I pondered a while on the richly-coloured shell of some large foreign fruit, exceedingly unique and curious. The chairs were old oak with cushions of needle-work. There were cheffoniers, finely inlaid with gold, surmounted with marble slabs; vases of varied colours; gilt tables of the costliest workmanship, and ornaments without number; a crimson couch, richly worked in squares; Gobelin tapestry of the most exquisite workmanship, the subjects taken from Don Quixote and other sources. The walls were pale-green, and the cornice gold, scarlet, and pale-blue; the carpet rich velvet pile, trumpet pattern, with gold leaves. I suppose that by familiarity the most splendid apartment would soon lose the greater part of its attractions. This should be remembered by us in the midst of magnificent scenes, that our comforts may thereby be enhanced in value, and our envious desires corrected.

In the chapel, into which we looked down from the gallery above, is a painting of the Holy Family, by Murillo, much prized. The peep into the chapel gives a devotional turn to the thoughts of the visitor, not unfavourable to his deep enjoyment in roaming through the different apartments of the castle. In the library lay the large book in which visitors write their names. On turning over its leaves, I could find no inscriptions therein to justify me in the liberty of inserting a stanza; but feeling grateful to the noble duke for the pleasure I was partaking, and emboldened by the remembrance of his thankful acknowledgments to God for the preservation of his household during the fire, which I had so recently read, I took up, certainly the worst of the castle pens, and inscribed, in decidedly the worst hand-writing in the whole book, the following lines:—

May Rutland ever look with steady eye
To Him who reigns o'er earth, and sea, and sky;
That he may find Him his abiding trust
When Staunton Tower has crumbled into dust.

The late duchess's boudoir has not been used since her death. The ball-room is a spacious apartment; and the queen's drawing-room, with rose-wood furniture and light drab silk damask chair-covers, has in it a favourite picture of the dying stag. From the windows of this chamber the cathedral of Lincoln is plainly seen, at a distance, perhaps, of about thirty miles. An occasional glance at the out-door sylvan scenery relieves the eye of the visitor, and he returns with a fresher curiosity to the in-door allurements that await him.

The Chinese apartment, the queen's bed-room, the king's room, and the dining-room, have all their several attractions; but the grand or Elizabethan saloon lays claim to a much more than ordinary degree of attention. The beautifully painted ceiling; the costly furniture; the chairs and sofas, of crimson and drab silk damask; the cheffoniers, black and gold, richly ornamented with bunches of grapes formed of agates and cornelians, with gold leaves and fruit of red and white cornelian and other stones; the gilt tables covered with crimson velvet; the carpet of velvet pile with peacocks spreading their tails at each corner; the gold key of the strong-hold, presented by the chief of the Staunton family to a royal visitor; the beautiful

specimen of artistic skill by the late duchess; the full-length portraits of the duke of Rutland and his lamented duchess, with the marble statue of the latter: these, together with the miniatures, paintings, and curiosities of all kinds that enrich the apartments, render it one of the most decidedly beautiful rooms that is to be seen in England. I gazed on the scene without envy, and had a heart full of good wishes for the noble owner of Belvoir Castle.

I could have spent a day very pleasantly in the picture-gallery, for many of the paintings are of the highest order. The bluff, burly face and figure of Henry VIII., by Holbein, first caught my attention. "What a pity it is," thought I, "that so good a painting should represent so bad a man. He had, however, some good points; would that they had more conspicuously prevailed in his character." Hercules and Antæus by Rubens, the seven pictures of the Seven Sacraments by N. Poussin, the Martyrdom of St. Andrew by Spagnoletto, and Dutch Proverbs by Teniers, are among the more celebrated pictures of the gallery. Paintings by Parmigiano, Carlo Dolci, Albert Durer, Vandyke, Wouvermans, Claude Lorraine, Murillo, Gainsborough, and a score other great names, vie with each other. Seldom do I visit a picture-gallery without a feeling in which no doubt many others participate—a regret that I cannot thank those whose artistic fingers have so liberally contributed to my gratification.

We failed not to pay a visit to the beautiful and deeply impressive mausoleum of the late duchess. This illustrious lady was the second daughter of Frederick earl of Carlisle, and must, judging by her likeness and the works of her hands, have been eminently beautiful and talented. Our visit amply rewarded us for our walk of a quarter of a mile from the castle. The tall, handsome serving-man in livery, who first admitted us, attended us along the walks, beneath the overhanging foliage of the trees. The mausoleum is situated in the deep solitude of the surrounding woods. The lengthy avenue along which the spectator passes is in shadow, while the strong light from the roof window at the farther end of the aisle falls full on the exquisite marble figure of the duchess rising to the clouds above, where are seen her children, who died young, ready to receive and bid her welcome to the skies, one of them holding a crown of glory wherewith to encircle her brow. Faith, Hope, Charity, and other figures are seen below the rising form of the duchess. Our minds were solemnized, but hope and faith harmonize well with solemnity. How solemn and yet how hopeful and animating are the words of the Redeemer: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."

As we descended the woody height on which the castle stands, varied pictures were presenting themselves to my imagination. The old bulwark, as it was first built by the Norman warrior; the rude encounters which at different times it had to endure; the glittering pennants of the partisans of York and Lancaster fluttering in the breeze on the tops of the old walls; the hostile armed bands leaguing the place; the watch-fire glowing with lurid glare on Staunton's lofty tower, a beacon to

friend and foe; the soldiery of king Charles and the Parliament remorselessly hewing down each other in their hostile strife; the wide-spread conflagration that wrapped the princely edifice in flames; and the solemn funeral procession when the faded dust of the lamented duchess was consigned to the tomb. These sterner scenes, however, were contrasted by others of a more agreeable though less exciting character, and the warlike and the sorrowful gave way to the peaceful and pleasant dreams of my fancy.

When we had taken refreshment at the village inn, we prepared for our departure. The fly and the bay mare were brought to the door, Thomas Christmas again became our charioteer, and after a pleasant drive, the fields of ruddy grain on either hand ready for the sickle, we arrived at our quiet destination, not ungrateful for our agreeable visit to Belvoir Castle.

THE MAILS TO THE ANTIPODES.

THE vast number of adventurers who have crowded to the gold-bearing colonies, with whom correspondence is maintained by friends at home; the immense commercial transactions between the mother country and her southern dependencies, originated by the migration of population; and the ransacking of auriferous deposits; have rendered postal communication with Australia a somewhat bulky, weighty, and costly affair. The despatch of the mails to that quarter is in fact not unlike the transmission of an entire warehouse of closely-packed articles, occasionally equalling in size what the entire home and foreign correspondence of the United Kingdom was when the third George began to reign. The government contract mail-ship "Vimiera," Captain H. Neatby, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney, *via* the Cape, on the 5th of August last. Newspapers, letters, and other despatches of the post, filled 146 packages; of which, 57 bags and 1 box were for Port Phillip, 8 bags for Geelong, 14 for Van Diemen's Land, 2 for Western Australia, 22 for Adelaide, 34 for Sydney, 5 for Wellington, and 3 for Auckland. The mails for Van Diemen's Land, Swan River, and Adelaide, will be left at Melbourne, and transmitted from thence to their destination. Those for New Zealand will be taken on to Sydney. Only a few days before, the steam-ship "Sydney" took her departure for the same region, from the East India Docks, with mails nearly as heavy.

In 1851, the "Vimiera," in charge of her present commander, accomplished the outward passage to Port Phillip in ninety days, and returned from Sydney, by Cape Horn, in ninety-one days. In 1852, the vessel performed the same voyages—outward in eighty-seven days, and homeward in eighty-two days. Her present contract with the postmaster-general is to go out to Port Phillip in eighty-two days, for which she will receive 1000*l.*, and be liable to a penalty of 30*l.* for every day's delay beyond the stipulated time. The ship took a picked crew of forty-eight hands, with thirty passengers, and a cargo of more than a thousand tons of manufactured goods, valued at upwards of 100,000*l.* The service will probably be accomplished in the specified period, of which we shall

probably hear in a few weeks. On the 29th of May last, the renowned clipper ship, "Marco Polo," reached Port Phillip from Liverpool, having made the passage in seventy-five days. But it would have been performed in a shorter interval, had not complete calms for twelve days prevented progress. The above are sailing-vessels. The "Great Britain" screw-steamer, which left Liverpool August 11, is expected to reach Sydney in sixty-five days; her owners being under an engagement to return a specified sum paid upon the cargo if the voyage exceeds that period. Cousin Jonathan, in the go-a-head spirit characteristic of him, predicts for a New York steamer, the "Golden Age," on the way to the same port, a voyage of only fifty days. But this is a profession unsustained by the slightest probability of performance following.

The postmaster-general now advertises for tenders to convey the Australian mails, *via* the Cape, offering 1000*l.* to the contractor, and rendering him amenable to a heavy penalty for every day's delay beyond the time specified in his contract. Letters must be pre-paid 1*s.*; newspapers go free. But by any private ship, noted for quick passages and sailing direct, letters may be forwarded if they are posted with the name of the vessel written on them. They are charged by this channel 11*d.* to Sydney, under the half-ounce; 1*s. 1d.* to other places in New South Wales; and pre-payment is optional. But to all other Australian ports they must be pre-paid, under half an ounce 8*d.*, and newspapers in each case 1*d.*

By the Overland Indian Mail there is bi-monthly postal communication with the Australian colonies, by Singapore, Batavia, and Cape Leenwin. Letters by this route must be pre-paid 1*s.* under the half-ounce; newspapers are free. On the 2nd of June last, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer "Shanghai" left Sydney, brought advices from Melbourne to the 8th, from Adelaide to the 13th, reached Singapore July 4th, just two hours before the departure of the "Malta," with the overland mail, by which her despatches were forwarded. The principal items of intelligence were known in London by telegraph, *via* Triest, August 10, sixty-nine days after date from Sydney, sixty-three from Melbourne, and fifty-eight from Adelaide.

There is a third route which will shortly be opened for passenger traffic and postal communication. This is by the Isthmus of Panama and the Pacific ocean. The recently incorporated Australian Direct Steam Navigation Company expect that their vessels will reach Sydney in about fifty-five days from Milford Haven, the port of departure.

What a revelation of human life would be unfolded by an examination of the Australian mails! We have no wish to pry into the letter-bags. It is needless. Their contents may be inferred with general precision. In multitudes of instances the communications will have affecting and painful passages, sometimes tragic details along with cheering and hopeful representations. Besides mercantile advices, political intelligence, and family affairs, outward-bound letters will contain fond remembrances from parents, brothers, and sisters, with not a few anxious counsels, for many a thoughtless one to beware of the errors which blighted progress and sullied reputation in his

native-land. Homeward letters will have an equally chequered aspect, expressing impressions of hope and fear, with the experience of disappointment, dejection, suffering, success, and satisfaction.

There must be many odd addresses on the letters outward, for Australian nomenclature abounds with all kinds of oddities. Though the sites have in general been but newly named, the denominations are in many instances so whimsical as to baffle conjecture respecting their derivation; and names of English origin often make a strange medley with those that are native, by being placed in juxtaposition with them. A correspondent, for example, may have his whereabouts on Moonlight Flat, in Peg-leg Gully, Bendigo Diggings, Victoria; the squattoage of another may be on Pig-face Plain, near Deniliguin, district of Murrumbidgee, New South Wales; a third may be located at Windy Corner; a fourth at Terry Hie Hie; and a fifth at Pudding-pan Hill. Letters have recently passed to and fro between Berlin and Buchsfeld in South Australia. The origin of the name of the latter place is interesting. A few years ago, the late Leopold Von Buch, whose death at an advanced age was regretted by the world of science in the spring of the current year, had some young German friends about to leave their fatherland and emigrate to Adelaide. The illustrious geologist paid them a farewell visit; and knowing that their means were limited, he left behind him at his departure a draft for three hundred thalers on the table. A kind note soon arrived requesting their acceptance of the present, the donor pleasantly remarking that, in case he visited Australia, he should want the shelter of a roof, and therefore wished to contribute towards providing one. The emigrants safely reached their destination, selected a location, built a house, and appropriately named the demesne Buchsfeld, in honour of their benefactor.

Mishaps by thousands have attended letters outward to Victoria, after having accomplished the passage of the ocean. This has arisen from the peculiar condition of the province, the incessant shifting of the population, the vast increase of business at the post-offices, the want of effective organisation to conduct it, and the wilful carelessness of those employed. The negligence of the colonial post-masters and post-office clerks forms a prominent feature of complaint in all the Australian papers. The transmission of letters from one town and colony to another is slow and uncertain. Frequently they do not come to hand at all; more frequently their transmission and delivery are delayed for many days, and even weeks. In the capitals, the great banking-houses, commercial firms, and managers of public companies, may receive the correspondence addressed to them with something akin to regularity; probably because it would not be safe to exasperate those who have the means of enforcing redress. But persons of little importance and influence have to wait and petition before their correspondence is delivered; and if they write letters, they are never certain as to the time when they will be forwarded to their destination.

At the diggings this state of things is much worse. Owing to the badness of the roads, the mails come in and go out with disconcerting irregularity, and the post-offices of the capitals are

slow to acknowledge the existence of new sites with fresh communities of gold-seekers. It requires many complaints in the local papers before the official dignitaries of Sydney or Melbourne can be induced to appoint a post-master for a newly-peopled district, and find for it a couple of messengers and bags. As for the transmission of correspondence to England, and the delivery of letters from the mother country, the complaints are still more frequent and acrimonious. "Seldom," says a document signed by fifty-two diggers of Forest Creek, "does a letter from friends—from wife, sister, or brother—ever reach the unfortunate immigrant. We travel about seventy miles to Melbourne for a letter. We live at great expense while there. It costs us at least 12s. per day. We spend hours, for days together, under a burning sun, before we can see an impudent clerk, who, with perfect coolness, informs us there are no letters—ay, often without looking. If this answer does not dismiss the applicant, we frequently find a letter is at last given, and the post-mark and date prove that the letter has been lying at the office for weeks past." Lamentable as are these circumstances, they are not surprising; for postal salaries, though raised to meet the exigencies of the time, are not prizes in a country where the price of ordinary labour is enormously high. Such situations are not, therefore, coveted by competent and energetic parties, but fall to the lot of those who are more or less incapable or indolent. The evil is thus to a great extent inevitable, and cannot be fully rectified while the position of affairs in the colonies continues so anomalous and extraordinary.

A singular mischance, rectified in the end, once happened to a letter posted at Sydney, which illustrates the inconvenience of two places having the same name. New South Wales has its Liverpool—a small, dull, stagnant town, at the head of a paltry stream, as unlike as possible to its English namesake. The letter in question, containing a bank note, was addressed to a person residing at this place; but the writer did not specify on the address which Liverpool was intended. In the hurry of business it was thrown into the mail for England, and duly reached the banks of the Mersey. No owner being found, it was sent to the dead-letter office, London, and opened. The mistake being then discovered, it was re-posted for the Australian Liverpool, and safely reached the right party, after having performed a journey of more than thirty thousand miles instead of twenty, and been nearly twelve months in transit instead of about three hours. This is certainly the most "travelled" letter of which we have any specific account.

Though grossly mismanaged, still some facts connected with the Melbourne post-office are highly interesting, as affording evidence of the progress of the colony. In 1851, as many as 229,670 letters and 206,674 newspapers went through the office of that city. In 1852, the number of letters amounted to 898,601, and of newspapers to 638,728. The mail brought by the "Harbinger," which arrived at Southampton from Port Phillip August 19th, was the largest that ever reached this country from the southern dependencies. It contained not less than 450,000 letters and newspapers; and, owing to the admirable management of the English post-office, the

whole of this immense mass of correspondence was sorted and forwarded to its destination in twenty-four hours. The vessel belonging to the General Screw Steam Shipping Company is the first steamer that has made a successful passage between the mother country and the antipodes. To this company the honour belongs of having established the possibility of bringing the two distant regions into quicker intercourse, by the use of steam. Their ship, the "Argo," reached Southampton October 29th, having made the voyage *out and home* by Cape Horn in five months and nineteen days, spending upwards of six weeks in Australia. The actual time under steam and canvass was 121 days, and as the distance both ways is 27,900 miles, the average speed per day was nearly 230 miles, or slightly over 9½ miles per hour. Steam was only used as an auxiliary, the ship being fully rigged, and at times it was altogether dispensed with. The coals consumed out and in amounted to 2105 tons, of which 845 tons were consumed out, and 1260 home, an average of rather more than 17 tons per day. The "Argo" run from Southampton to Port Phillip in 64 days; and a similar quick passage has been made from Gravesend to Adelaide by the "Victoria," belonging to another company, in 59 days, 22½ hours.

A CONTRAST.

CAPTAIN B. HALL has furnished the following contrast between two officers with whom he was acquainted. "Whenever one of them came on board the ship, his constant habit was to cast his eye about him, in order to discover what was wrong, to detect the smallest thing that was out of its place; in a word, to find as many grounds of censure as possible. This constituted, in his opinion, the best preventive to neglect. The attention of another, on the contrary, appeared to be directed chiefly to those points which he could approve of. One of these captains would remark to the first lieutenant, as he walked along, 'How white and clean you have got the decks to-day! I think you must have been at them all the morning, to get them into such order.' The other, in similar circumstances, but eager to find fault, would say, even if the decks were as white and as clean as the drifted snow, 'I wish, sir, you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings,' pointing to a bit of ropeyarn, not half an inch long, left under the truck of a gun. It seemed, in short, as if nothing was more vexatious to one of these officers, than to discover things so correct as to afford him no good opportunity for finding fault: while, to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared a punishment to himself. Under the one, accordingly, we all worked with cheerfulness, from a conviction that nothing we did in a proper way would miss approbation: while our duty under the other, being performed in fear, seldom went on with much spirit. We had no personal satisfaction in doing things correctly, from the certainty of getting no commendation. What seemed the oddest thing of all was, that these men were both as kind-hearted as could be; or, if there was any difference, the fault-finder was the better natured, and, in matters not professional, the more indulgent of the two." Captain Hall adds: "It requires but very little experience of soldiers or sailors, children, servants, or any other kind of dependents, to show that this good humour on our part, towards those whom we wish to influence, is the best possible coadjutor to our schemes of management, whatever these may be."

Varieties.

A GRAND FESTIVE PARTY IN A COAL-PIT.—By way of celebrating a certain auspicious event, the proprietors of a coal-pit resolved to have a grand subterranean fête at the very place of triumph! The Tartarean apartment was situated at a depth of nearly 1100 feet below the surface of the earth, and was in the shape of the letter L, the width being 15 feet, the base 22 feet, and the perpendicular height 48 feet. Seats were placed on the sides of the said room, the floor was dried and flagged, and the whole place was brilliantly illuminated with lamps and candles. The company began to assemble, and descend in appropriate dresses, about half-past nine in the morning, and continued to arrive till one in the afternoon. The men engaged in the work, their wives, daughters, and sweethearts; several neighbours with their wives; the proprietors and agents with their ladies, and sundry friends of both sexes who had courage to avail themselves of the privilege; all these gradually found their way to the bottom of the shaft. Immediately on their arrival there, they proceeded to the extremity of the drift, to the face of the coal (coal never has a white face, though it sometimes has a clean face in mining language); at the face each person hewed a piece of coal as a memento of the occasion, and then returned to their singular assembly-room. As soon as a sufficient number of guests had arrived the entertainments commenced, and were continued without intermission till three o'clock in the afternoon. No distinction was made among the guests, and born and bred ladies mingled freely with born and bred pitmen's daughters. All now returned in safety, and in nice clean and well-lined baskets, to the upper regions, delighted with the novel visit in which they had been engaged. A local band of miners' musicians was in attendance, and the pit was filled with music and enjoyment. The genii of the caverns were startled, and the young dandified pitmen never looked so happy, so clean, and so gay. Refreshments were not forgotten, and biscuits of all kinds were dispensed in abundance. It was estimated that between 200 and 300 persons were present, and that nearly one half of them were females. It must be remembered that the pit was clean, prepared, and had not been worked; so that no smoke and dust exuded from its mouth, and every facility was given for a comfortable, slow, and safe descent.—*Traveller's Library.*

INTRODUCTION OF POTATOES.—Potatoes were first known in England about the year 1586. For nearly a century they were cultivated only in gardens as a curious exotic, furnishing an expensive luxury for the tables of none but the richest people in the kingdom. The plant, which has now become the principal means of saving the lowest and poorest classes in Great Britain from starvation, by supplying them with a cheap and abundant article of food, was at one time so rare, that, as appears from an account of the household expenses of Anne, wife of James I., the price of potatoes was rated at one shilling per pound!

MULTIPLYING BY FIVE.—Any number of figures that you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when, there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232, and as there is no remainder you annex a cipher. Now take 357 and multiply by 5, the answer is 1785; on dividing the first sum by 2 there is 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

SMOKE PROHIBITION.—The smoke which now hangs above London is, in part, forbidden; this year the steamers must cease discharging their sullen contribution to the cloud. Next year, the great furnaces will be added to the list of the proscribed; and then, probably, the private houses will begin to follow, and that, before a very long time; because the prohibition of smoking, to many trading establishments, will necessarily stimulate invention, which is already devoted to planning arrangements for producing fire without smoke.

NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.—Bonaparte's house at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn; the room he died in is a stable; and where the imperial body lay in state, may be found a machine for grinding corn.

RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.—This river is one of the largest in the world, being 2500 miles long; it is navigable for the largest ships to Quebec (400 miles), and for ships of 400 or 500 tons to Montreal, while fleets sail on the lakes.

A FABLE.—The sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the sword, "I am a bad neighbour." "I fear thee not," said the pen; "I am more powerful than thou art, but love not thy country." "I exterminate," said the sword. "And I perpetuate," answered the pen; "where are thy victories, if I record them not? Even where thou shalt one day be—in the lake of oblivion."

NEWS.—Some lover of the curios in literature asserts that the word *News* is not derived from the adjective *new*, as many suppose. He says, that in former times it was common to see on the newspapers of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:



These letters were intended to indicate that the paper contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, but they finally came to assume the form of the word *news*, from which the term newspaper is derived. This explanation is certainly ingenious, but whether the true one, we cannot undertake to say.

CHARMING BON-BONS.—Some of the delicacies of the Dutch are certainly very extraordinary. People in Holland eat pickles as the French eat peppermints. All about the streets may be seen little stands, upon which are temptingly displayed pickled cucumbers, beets, onions, and other vegetables, soaking in vinegar, and cut up into little tit-bits for the refreshment of the passer-by, who, for a stiver, can set his teeth on edge most admirably.

THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY.—It will be of interest to literary persons to be apprised that this collection, so rich in rare and valuable works connected with metropolitan history, has been lately made available to the members of the republic of letters. The library committee, with great liberality and courtesy, have issued free tickets for this purpose. The rare original wood-cut view of London in the reign of Elizabeth, by Agyas, may here be seen.

BELLS.—The great bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 8400; the great bell of Lincoln 9894 pounds. Great Tom, in Christ Church, Oxford, the largest bell in England, weighs 17,000 pounds. The bell in Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, suspended 205 feet from the ground, weighs 17,000 pounds. The great bell of St. Peter's, at Rome, weighs 18,600 pounds. The bell at Erfurt, 28,500. But large as are these bells, they shrink considerably when compared with those of Russia. The bell in the tower of St. Ivan, in Moscow, weighs 100,000 pounds; and the fallen great bell which lies at the foot of the same tower, 443,772 pounds. Its height is over 21 feet, and its diameter at the rim is 22 feet. The metal in it is estimated to be worth about 70,000.

SNOW EYES.—Ellis, in speaking of the Esquimaux, says: "Their snow eyes, as they call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snow-blindness, a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light reflected from the snow. The use of these artificial eyes considerably strengthens the sight, and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses."